LOVE=AS A SIDE DISH

CONFESSIONS OF A DEBUTANTE.

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

"Why do you blush when he passes?" I demanded, reproachfully, stooping to pick up Kitty's fan, as Clement Carter disappeared into the house.

"I didn't!" declared Kitty, indignantly.

"You fluttered," I retorted. "And that's the same thing."

"I—what?" Kitty sat up straight and gazed at me in consternation.

"Dropped your fan," I explained, "and lost the thread of your conversation, and tried to get in the shadow and——"

"Is that 'fluttering,' Mr. Curtis?" Kitty looked at me in a way I don't—well, a way that disconcerts me, you know. But I held my ground obstinately.

"It's a habit," I explained, "that all women have—at the approach of some men; and some women have at the approach of all men. It's a sort of subtle tribute to our fascinations and——"

Kitty dropped her fan again, and this time it snapped in two. She bit her lips.

"It can be repaired," I said, soothingly, examining the ivory bauble.

"Never!" cried Kitty, vehemently.

"What!"

"The insult," she declared furiously, "which you have offered to—to my sex! Just as if I were an old maid!" she added, with true feminine paradox.

"Aren't old maids of your sex?" I asked in gentle surprise.

"They're the only ones who 'flutter,'" asserted Kitty, positively.

"Not at all," I retorted. "I've known plenty of widows who changed color and their conversation at the mere entrance of a man upon the scene; and dozens of debutantes who became tongue-tied or tremulous the moment a descent-looking chap appeared in the drawing-room. Even most married women," I added, "lose their poise and the point of their remarks at sight of the approach of a masculine creature. It doesn't seem to be a matter of a woman's age or her condition, but——"

"Of the importance she accords to men," broke in Kitty, scathingly. "There are individuals of both sexes," she added witheringly, "who are too easily impressed by the opposite sex."

"Not at all," I objected. "I never knew a schoolboy so insignificant and homely and inconsequential that he didn't scorn girls. And I never knew a bachelor so lonely or neglected or utterly despised that he didn't congratulate himself on having escaped matrimony and a woman, and I never knew any man whose scheme of life a woman could interrupt—even for a moment. You see, to men, woman is a side-dish, a mere incident, while to a woman, man represents the whole enu of social existence, the piece de resistance, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. She always takes him seriously——"

"Oh, not always!" Kitty looked at me with a significance that could not be misunderstood, and which spurred me to revenge.

"Oh, well," I said, flicking my cigarette nonchalantly, "did you ever know a man who turned pink and dropped his gloves, and patted his back hair, and glanced in the mirror to see if his hat was on straight just because he saw a woman coming down the street?"

"Of course," proceeded Kitty, ignoring my thrust, "there are plenty of women who overrate men and—and look at them through magnifying glasses——"

"And who 'flutter,'" I put in hastily, "at their mere presence."

"But," she continued, coldly, "they are women who don't know them."

"What?"

"Old maids," returned Kitty, "and widows whose husbands have been dead a long time, and young girls who have no brothers to help them get a true perspective on the masculine creature, and who have never gotten near enough to a man to see how really insignificant——"

"And easy——" I murmered, helpfully.

"And human," went on Kitty.

"Or inhuman," I suggested.

"And earthy and commonplace and perfectly simple, and——"

"What a worm he can be!" I finished, tragically.

"Yes," agreed Kitty, somewhat too promptly, "and there are other women so abnormally self-conscious and vain that they can't be their natural selves in the presence of any man."

"It's awfully flattering," I began enthusiastically, "to think that we can be so agitating——"

"Oh, it isn't the man that really agitates the——" retorted Kitty.

"No," I rejoined promptly, "it's the set of their skirts, or the tilt of their hats, or the curl of their hair, or the thought of whether there is any powder on their noses, or what they shall say to be scintillating, or——"

"Isn't this the seventh waltz?" asked Kitty suddenly, rising and looking earnestly at her programme. "I must go."

"But," I continued imperturbably, "all the same they never worry about those things until they see a man coming, and then they can no more resist patting their pompadours and changing their attitudes and biting their lips than they can resist a man who makes love to them, or strawberry ice cream, or the dark corner of a plazza——"

"This one is awfully dark," broke in Kitty, looking nervously around our end of the porch.

"Perfectly impenetrable," I agreed, moving a few inches nearer her on the settee.

"And if this is the seventh waltz——"

"But it isn't," I declared without a blush. "It's only the sixth."

"Mr. Carter must be looking for me," persisted Kitty.

"Oh, no," I retorted, "I just saw him come out with the Tredway girl. Are you going to 'flutter' again, Kitty?" For Kitty had sat down with a sudden exclamation and was nervously pulling the remains of her fan to shreds.

"The idea," she exclaimed indignantly, "of accusing me of—of anything like that. Only unpopular women 'flutter.'" Kitty flung out the word scornfully.

"They are unpopular because they do flutter," I contended, calmly lighting another cigarette.

"Why?" asked Kitty obstinately.

"Because——" I began. "Oh, well," I broke out, "where's the excitement in chasing tame geese or bagging a pet fawn that comes at your call. Besides, a man shies at a woman who takes him too seriously, and he is distinctly afraid of one who takes all men seriously. The girl who piques his interest is the one who has so many interests of her own that she accepts him as casually as she would——"

"A side dish," broke in Kitty, sarcastically.

"Exactly," I agreed. "The woman who keeps her war paint and powder in a drawer until the last minute and only sticks them on when she sees a man coming is like the country that only prepares for a battle when the enemy is sighted. She is feeble and ineffective. It's the girl who wears pretty clothes for their own sake, not for a man's sake, and who cultivates grace and cleverness and femininity as she does her mind and her health and her virtue, not the one who merely assumes them in time of action or as a temporary sugar coating; it's the one who treats a man as an incident or a pastime or——"

"Like a dog!" broke in Kitty, quickly.

"What?" I jumped.

"Doesn't notice him particularly," explained Kitty, "except to pat him on the head now and then."

"Yes," I agreed, enthusiastically, "and who tweaks his ears when he becomes too eager or obstreperous."

"And orders him 'down' occasionally."

"And flings him a bone or a lump of sugar at odd intervals."

"And makes him sit up and beg—for favors."

"And," I finished, "who doesn't overrate his importance, nor allow him to interfere with her other occupations, nor——"

"Then why," interrupted Kitty, triumphantly, "do men scoff at the women who are wrapped up in their clubs or their professions, or who take a violent interest in society, or charity, or the ologies?"

"Because," I retorted, "they never do take an interest in those things until they either have discovered that they are a failure with men or have married some man who is a failure with them."

Kitty snapped her fan and her lips together simultaneously.

"Of course," I said, relenting a little, "there are plenty of women who do take men as a side dish; but they are either those who are born with a 'mission' or those who are—like yourself, Kitty."

"What?" Kitty looked up suspiciously.

"Who have so many side dishes," I explained, "and are so constantly in the company of men, that they lose that awe and reverence, that magnifying-glass view of the sex——"

"It's only necessary," said Kitty, softening visibly, "to realize that love is merely an incident——"

"And the first step to matrimony," I interpolated.

"And that a husband is simply a part of the domestic menage——"

"And a means of paying the bills——"

"And that life is full of higher and finer things than—than——"

"Dogs," I suggested, "or side dishes, or Clement Car——"

"Sh!" cried Kitty, as a dark form emerged from the vines and passed so near us that he swept Kitty's ruffles. "There he goes!"

"The devil!" I ejaculated.

"No, Clement Carter," corrected Kitty.

"Kitty!" I exclaimed reproachfully, "you're tearing that fan to pieces."

Kitty dropped the bauble nervously.

"There!" I exclaimed, picking up the scraps, "you were fluttering!"

"I wasn't."

"And at the near sight of him!" I looked my disgust.

"Oh, no," declared Kitty hastily, "not at sight of him. It was for fear he might catch sight of me, Mr. Curtis."

"What?"

"And you," added Kitty.

"That's very sweet of you," I began.

"And because," continued Kitty, carefully fitting the sticks of her fan together, "he once said that whenever he wanted to find me he had only to look in a dark corner——"

"For you!" I exclaimed in feigned surprise.

"No—for you!" retorted Kitty.

"Clement Carter," I declared, belligerently, "is——"

"Stop!" cried Kitty.

"Is——"

"You shan't talk about my friends."

"Is the most envious man I know," I finished carefully. But somehow, I couldn't muster any hard feelings against him just then.

A GLEAM OF HOPE.

From Human Life.

The Earl of Buchan was to the end of his life, although eccentric, a great social favorite and a terrible old flirt.

On leaving a room he would take leave of the prettiest young lady with old fashioned courtesy, and say:

"Good-by, my dear, and pray remember that Margaret, Countess of Buchan, is not immortal."

ODD NAMES OF POST-OFFICES

Hundreds of New Ones Bestowed Each Year.

Task of Selecting Them Is by No Means Easy—Two Places Called "Nameless."

A glance at the postal guides from year to year shows that hundreds of new towns and post-offices are springing up with every fresh issue. Of course, every new town, village, or hamlet must have a name—and what shall that name be?

It may seem an easy thing, says the New York Evening Post, to find a new and appropriate name. For instance, if a place commands a fine view of the surrounding country, the name of Fairview is suggested. If there are a good many oaks in the vicinity, down it goes as Oakville, and one more is added to the 250 places similarly named, thus increasing the chances of missives directed to any one of them ultimately finding their way to the dead letter office.

Most pioneers look back with affection on the home of their childhood. That is why between 600 and 700 towns have names beginning with the adjective "New." In the same class are 120 "Littles," 131 "Bigs," 300 "Norths," 440 "Souths," 499 "Easts," and 680 "Wests."

Presidents have contributed many names—there are 70 Jacksons in the country to only 46 Washingtons. There are also 46 Jeffersons. Buchanan is the least popular, with 11. Cleveland with 31, and Roosevelt with 16, are near the bottom; but that is because they are not yet dead.

It is reported that one of the sixteen Roosevelts will soon be wiped out. This town is in Gila Country, Ariz., and is situated at the bottom of a proposed reservoir; it will pass out of existence as soon as the dam is completed.

Twenty-seven States have post-office towns named after then. The number of women's names that have been used almost passes computation. Alphabetically, they range from Ada to Vivian, and euphonically from Puritan Samantha and Hephzibah, through the romantic Amanda and Angelica, to the Shakespearean Rosalind, Viola, and Olivia. Marion comes out ahead with thirty-seven. But among men's names, William is far more popular, with eighty. The others range from Aaron and Cain to Zeus. Among authors, Byron, Bunyan, Burns, Bryant, Dryden, Darwin, Milton, and even Ossian and Virgil have been requisitioned. Heroes of the war, like Hancock; millionaires, like Astor; ancient warriors, like Hector; foreign notabilities, like Bismarck; singers, like Jenny Lind, and actors, like Booth, figure impartially in the postal guide. There are seven Napoleons and three Bonapartes.

Stars, planets, gods, goddesses, birds, beasts, and fishes do not figure as strongly as such names as Bacon, Cream, Sauce, Ham, Honey, Brandy, Rum, Porter, Wine, Coffee, and Tobacco. There are 250 Oaks, 129 Blacks, 78 Blues, 98 Browns, 174 Reds, 269 Greens, 70 Grays, 100 Vermillions, 234 Whites, and 19 Yellows. Hardly less grotesque are Hat, Hood, Overall, Shoe, Heel, Broom, Kettle, Oven, Fork, Pin, Blanket, Pots, Wagon, Gimlet, Flies, Sawdust, Organ, Violin, Clarion, Drum, Whistler, Lonesome, Shoulder, Shoulderblade, and Showers.

Amo and Armour appeal to the tenderest sentiments, and so do Amity, Charity, Delight, Friendship, Grace, Harmony, Hope, Honor, Joy, and Love.

The names belonging to no class at all, and which are, therefore, only to be classed as "miscellaneous," show that here the namers in search of original titles were apparently reduced to despair, and took almost the first one that came to hand. Or perhaps they took the very last—as was the case in the town called "Nameless," in Virginia. In this case, after submitting a long string of names to the government by which it was desired to have the place officially called, the person in charge of the matter added: "If a name cannot be selected from this list, the town will have to remain nameless." "All the other names are preempted—let it be called 'Nameless,'" was the reply. So Nameless it is. Since then a second Nameless has been added—Nameless, Tenn.

WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

What She Hears and Sees.

Do dogs delight to bark and bite,
Or is that a mistake?
And did the man who said so start
A foolish nature fake?

And does the early bird alone
The early worm obtain,
Or does, in fact, the tardy bird
Wax twice as fat again?

One swallow, so they used to say,
Does not a summer make;
But does it, now, or doesn't it?
Is that another fake?

And is't the part of wisdom to
Let lie the sleeping dog?
Or should one show more common sense
By giving him a jog?

You lead a horse to water, but
You cannot make him drink.
They say, but is it true? What do
The nature experts think?

And is it true the worm will turn?
They used to say it would,
But had the folk who said so
Ever watched worms as they should?

And can the leopard change his spots?
And if he cannot, why?
Has any of the nature men
E'er seen a leopard try?

Man wants the truth to lean upon—
To guide his daily acts.
'Tis time the nature experts rose
And gave us all plain facts.

For 'tis a fearsome thing to think,
When so much is at stake,
That almost any proverb may
Be just a nature fake.

* * * *

"When you're talking about conscience making cowards of us all you can drag me in as a striking example," says the pompadoured girl. "Only it was a guilty conscience with me, not just a plain one, and I reckon it's that way with most of us. I don't believe anything would scare me much if I hadn't a feeling of guilt for it to work on. Just about two weeks ago some friends of mine asked me for an all-day trip in their touring car. They telephoned me so early in the morning that I wasn't up yet, and they told me they were going to take with them a doctor man that I've been perfectly crazy to meet. I flew into my clothes, because you naturally hate to begin an acquaintance with a man by keeping him waiting, and because I wanted to make a good impression I togged myself out in my new brown suit, hat and veil and gloves and pumps and everything to match. Imagine my disgust as I scudded into my apparel to discover that my new brown stockings had a hole in one toe—just a weenty little hole, but still a hole—and of course no real perfect lady ever wears a thing like that. I did, though, for I hadn't time to mend it, and I wanted to wear that particular pair. I said to myself that nobody would ever guess the awful truth. Well, after we'd whizzed along ten miles or so, we stopped to pick some dogwood. I don't know why we wanted it, because it would wither before we got home, and we all knew it, but we picked it, and I fell over a stump and sprained my ankle. While I was picking myself up I was thinking ten times the speed limit. I knew that if I so much as said 'ouch' that doctor man would diagnose the case on the spot, and get to work on that ankle, and then—I couldn't bear to think of it. I didn't make a moan. I climbed back into the car with a set smile. I think that day was a year long. I had to keep my foot hidden because the thing began to swell. Being burned at the stake couldn't hurt me more, and it wouldn't last so long. We got home after dark and I hopped up to the door and went down in a heap in the hall, wailing and howling. Mother chased to me madly and got my pump off in no time. The stocking—well, the one with the hole in it was on the other foot."

* * * *

The chocolate colored lady who mends things for me has a recently acquired husband who is at present engaged in blasting work for the foundations of a public building in another city. She rather expected a visit from him on Sunday last, but he did not come.

"He didn't keer to lose the time," she explained to me. "He gits good wages and extra pay for working on a Sunday. If they gits the building done sooner than they expects, he'll git extra money for that, too. That," she added, pitying my ignorance, "is what they calls boneless money."

* * * *

She is from some place in North Carolina, so she tells me, and the ways of Washington negroes don't please her.

"These here cullud people in Washington," she says, "sure is biggety. Everywhere they goes they acts as if they was just what the doctor ordered and nothing else. The truth is"—and after she'd told me the truth I was forced to admit to myself that truth does indeed lie at the bottom of the well, for it was entirely too deep for me to grasp—"The truth is, they's dicted to, and dicted to tell they thinks they owns the earth."

* * * *

There was a pretty girl dining in a hotel on Pennsylvania avenue on Memorial Day, and she solved for me a problem in the aesthetics of gastronomics which has weighed on my mind for a long time. When the salad came on, the elder man in her party of four insisted on dressing the lettuce—it was the romaine variety of lettuce, by the way—himself. He called for a bowl, and for the oil and vinegar, and all the rest of it, and you could see from his ceiling-cocked eye as he smelled the oil, and his Washington-crossing-the-Delaware look as he mixed and stirred, that he was a man who had been about a great deal and knew all there is to know about salads. The girl looked a little bewildered when her portion of perfectly dressed leaves was set before her. Left to herself, I think she'd have sugared that romaine and minced it with her knife and fork. A masterpiece of a salad dressed by a man who had been everywhere robbed her of her ease. She attacked the first leaf with her fork. It was a large leaf, and difficult to fold up or fork up into anything small. It took two pokes to get it into her mouth, and she turned redder than the paprika. Before she essayed a second leaf she had a momentary look of one who is about to say she never eats lettuce—but nobody has the courage to say that now. She hesitated. Then a brilliant idea came to her. She unfurled her fan with a Spanish woman's flicker of the left wrist, and that's all I saw of her salad. Nobody could see what became of it. She ate it behind the shelter of her fan, and how many times she poked at any leaf nobody knew. Next to the plan of a friend of mine for having small screens to set up in front of people who want to eat fried crabs in public, it was the neatest thing in the way of filling a long-felt want I ever saw.

* * * *

"If I could go to some country where they'd never heard of coffee or tea," says a woman I know, "I'm sure I could shine in conversation. I'll never get a chance to try here in Washington. I don't drink tea and I don't drink coffee. Both drinks are exceedingly distasteful to me. I can't bear even the smell of them, and now I've told you that, I've explained the hoodoo that hangs over me. Suppose I go to see some woman, and I'm just loaded up with epigrams and quibs and witty sallies?

"'Won't you let me give you a cup of tea?' is the first question she asks.

"No; I don't drink tea, thank you," I have to say, because I can't sit and stir a cup of it without feeling faint.

"Perhaps you prefer coffee," she says next.

"No; I don't drink coffee, either," I say, and there it's all off. By the time she's asked me why, and got over her wonder at my remarks it's time for me to go on to another house and have the same things said to me. When I was invited to a tea some of the writer-women here gave, I just reveled in anticipation of the bright things I was going to hear them say. Did they say them No, siree. Every single woman I met had to have it explained to her why it is I don't drink tea or coffe, and after that they all compared notes, trying to figure out how on earth I manage to live. I never hear anything worth repeating. I'm a sort of museum freak. People take the same sort of interest in me they do in a three-legged calf. I know the calf never hears anything clever, and I'm sure I don't. Nobody ever remembers a thing about me except that I don't drink tea nor coffee. I've thought some times that I'd wear a placard with "I don't dring tea and coffee, and please don't talk about it" printed on it. Even then I'd be like Col. Snyder, of Frascati, in Virginia. The colonel has one finger missing. I asked him once how he lost it.

"I'll tell you if you'll promise not to ask me anything more about it," he said.

I promised, not guessing how his answer was going to fill me with curiosity for all the rest of my life, how it was going to make further conversation altogether impossible.

"It was bitten off," he said.

The Only Sure Way.

From the Philadelphia Press.

"What, then," asked the new clerk, "do you consider the best method of keeping books?"

"There's only one sure way," replied the old hand.

"And what's that?"

"Forget to return them."

BINGVILLE BUGLE

INERGIA FATUM PARIT

BY NEWTON NEWKIRK

THE . BINGVILLE . BUGLE !!

Is the Leading Paper of the County

BRIGHT, BREEZY, BELLICOSE, BUSTLING

How doth the busy little bee
Improve each shining hour—
By gathering honey all the day
From every opening flour.

The cheapest advertising medium in the country. If you believe in advertising, come and see us. For further information call on or address the editor.

Month by month we have tore off a page from the calendar, until once more we have entered into the month of June—the month of roses and the month of brides, and speaking of brides we desire to call brief editorial attenshion to the fackt that there has not been as many marriages in our midst recently as there ought to be. Whenever marriages ceases in a community then that is a sign that that community is drifting into inoxuous desewetude, as we might say. The future posterity of any community depends altogether on the number of marriages and the consequent increase in populashion which results therefrom. For that reason it would tickle us almost to death to see a large number of marriages take place in Bingville and vicinitty before the month of June is over.

There is no reason in the world why more Bingville young folks who have been courting for lo, these many years, should not take each other for better or for worse. What the thunderashion are they waiting for?

We married our wife after courting her only two years and sometimes even we fear we have made a mistake. Marriage is largely a lottery anyhow and if you have any matrimonial intenshions you might as well make the plunge first as last and get it over with.

Young man, if you are seriously contemplating matrimony, do it now! Young woman, the same. You can never marry any cheaper than you can now. Rev. Moore, our beloved pastor, desires us to say that in order to make marriage more popular in Bingville he will until further notice perform the operashion for the insignificant sum of one dollar in cash.

Get married then and subscribe for the Bugle, paying for same in advance.

An Apology

Bill Hepburn, our stalwart & artistick blacksmith, called at this office a few days ago and asked us to retract a statement which we made in last week's Bugle to the effect that he had returned home from the Co. seat last Saturday night in a intoxicated condishion. Bill explained to us that while at the Co. seat he had sprained his ankle which is why he walked so crooked when he druv into Bingville and got outen the buggy—he explained largely with his fist.

After Bill had knocked us down a couple of times and set on us we agreed to apologise publickly. We can see outen but only one eye at present, but we can see well enough out of one eye to see that we made a mistake when we said what we did about Bill. We should of said that Bill Hepburn is a drunken, wife-beating brute who thinks he can skeer us because he is bigger than we be. Bill Hepburn is no good now, never was nor never will be. He is a lazy loafer and he ought to be in jail. Next time he comes to see us we will be ready for him. Call again, Bill!

Country Correspondence

SORROW HOLLOW.

Farmers are hoing corn.

Zed Perkins has been going to Bingville on Saturday evenings regular. Roomer has it that Zed is to wed one of Bingville's handsomest.

It hasn't rained here for six or seven days.

Silas Hemmingway is treating his barn to a new coat of paint.

G. W. Andrews is cuting timber for a new cowshed.

Mrs. Jemima Hoff is laid up with rheumatiz.

Only one stranger visited Sorrow Hollow this week, and his name we did not learn. The correspondent of the Bugle will take it as a favor if strangers passing through our midst will favor us with their names, so we can report them in our weekly correspondence. News is scarce enough without having strangers conceal their identity from us.

There is going to be lots of apples in this vicinitty this season.

News are very scarce this week.

UNO.

ZION CROSSROADS.

Considerable hay is being cut in this neighborhood.

Sam Woods caught a pickerel in Gootchie Pond last Sunday that weighed over 2 Lbs., so Sam says.

Benj. Allman's wood, which was piled up in his wood-lot, caught fire last week and was burned to the ground. Ben thinks it was the work of tramps.

Miss Jane Truman is doing housework for Mrs. Sam'l Rankin.

The crops is looking fine.

Bill Woods and Lafe Henderson swopped horses last week.

We expect to be able to chronicle a wedding next week. VERITAS.

Society News

Miss Ellen Hoskins entertained a few friends on the palatial piazza of her home last Saturday ev'g. A Japanese lantern was hung on a clothesline between the plazza and an apple tree in the front yard, which greatly added to the joyousness of the occashion. The invited gests set on the plazza until most 9 p. m. admiring the Japaneeze lantern. Then the party broke up and all sought their homes, conscious of a ev'g well spent. Miss Hoskins is a lavish and royal entertainer.

Miss Milly Andrews has issued invites to a picknick to be give on Wedneeday p. m. of next week. The gests will meet at Miss Andrews' residence at 1 p. m. and will walk five miles to Snyders Pond where the pick-nick will be held. Each will take his or her own lunch as the case may be.

The coaching party which was to have been give yesterday by Miss Amelia Tucker, Bingville's social leader, fell through at the last minute. It was the plan to drive to the Co. seat on Mr. Tucker's hay wagon, but Mr. Tucker wanted the hay wagon to draw hay on, so the coaching party was abandoned.

Marriages

Married at the parsonage by Rev. Sam'l. Moore on Thursday, May 30, Miss Arabella Perkins of Bingville to Hank Slife of Sorrow Hollow. Only the immediate relatives were present. Miss Perkins wore white moosdene de swaw over creep de Sheen while Hank was attired in a new store suit which he had never had on until the day of the wedding. There was a halt in the ceremony when Rev. Moore learned that Hank had only 75 cts. in his pocket. Rev. Moore's present fee for performing the marriage operashion is $1. and he says he will not deviate from that a nickel. The pastor agreed to marry the happy couple however when Hank agreed to pay the delinquent quarter within a period of six months. Mr. and Mrs. Slife left on the same day on a wedding tour of the North end of the county. They will travel by buggy. Later they will set up housekeeping in Sorrow where Hank maintains a mule team and hauls sand. Mr. and Mrs. Slife have the Bugle's most profuse congratulashions.

ANOUNCEMENT.

The members of the Ladies Aid Society of our church will give a strawberry festival in the church next Saturday ev'g, weather permitting. Strawberries cream and cake 15 cts. Strawberries and cake by theirselves, 10 cts.

Bingville on the Boom!

Them who has been observant of late can't help to observe that Bingville is undergoing a big boom.

Mrs. Jerushy Perkins papered her parlor and sitting room only last week, doing the work herself.

Amos Hillyer has ordered varnish from the Co. seat, and as soon as it arrives will give his spring wagon a coat.

Doc Livermore is talking of building a new fence between his property and that of the widow Skinner.

The town authorities have about decided to put a weather vane on top of the Town Hall.

There are many other improvements of a like nature which we might mention if space permitted, but these are sufficient to indicate that our town is experiencing a healthy growth, which ought to be a pride to every loyal citizen.

If this progress was rapid, if, for instance, a house was being built in Bingville every month, then we (speaking editorially) would be suspichious and ill at ease because such a rapid development is not normal and is, sad to state, too frequently followed by disaster. Look at the boom towns of the West which have flourished for a time and then have fell flatter'n a pancake!

But with the slow, steady, healthful growth which Bingville is having, there can be no cause for alarm because there can be no reaction. Let the boom go on!

Personal & Local Items

Miss Amelia Tucker Sundayed with Miss Alice Turner at Elm Crossroads one day last week.

Amos Hillyer, our Justice of the Peace, is nursing a felon on his thumb. As a result the lawsuit of Harper vs Brown over where the boundary line between their farms run has been put over until next week. Squire Hillyer says he can't give a just decishion to either side as long as that felon aches him so.

Cyrus Hoskins is painting his buggy.

We observed a horse and buggy hitched in front of the residence of Miss Tabitha Jones last Satterday ev'g. You come more frequently than you used to, Sam. Is anything in the matrimonial line going o occur soon?

A stranger whose name we did not learn passed through Bingville one day last week.

Cyrus Hoskins had a steer to die on his hands one night last week. The fool beast fell into an old well in Cy's back pasture and butted its brains out.

Lem Brown says he ain't slept a wink for nine days. Lem has been setting up nights with a shotgun in his cornfield. Lem says he never seen crows as numerous as they are this season.

Mrs. Samantha Gookins has our thanks for a cherry pie she left on our desk one day recently. Mrs. Gookins bakes the finest cherry pies we ever tasted and we trust she may call again soon.

Hank Dewberry has got another job. This time it's in a stone quarry near Bingville. But we presume this work is too heavy for Hank as usual.

Jaspar Hawkins, one of our most respected farmers who lives five miles West of Bingville, dropped into this office one day last week and paid up his subscripshion to July 1889. Thanks, Jasp.

Miss Milly Underwood sung a solo in church last Sunday. Everybody enjoyed it except the members of the choir.

We noticed two of Simon Whittacre's children on the street after 8 P. M. the other night. Every body in Bingville ought to be asleep at this hour, let alone children under 12 years of age.

We understand that Bill Simms received his regular monthly penshion of $8. last week. Bill may have been a good soldier, but he is a all-fired poor hand at paying his subscripshion to the Bugle. He owes us for 10 or 15 years we forget which just now.

If Jim Hill had the respectable appearance of our town at heart he would build a fence in front of his house. The old fence is a eyesore to every stranger who passes through our town.

As we were walking past Hank Dewberry's residence the other ev'g., Hank's good for nothing yaller dog run out and fastened his teeth into the calf of our leg inflicting a painful though not a dangerous injury. We hereby give Hank notice that if he loves that dog to keep him chained up hereafter.

Mosquitos are very thick and as a result the audience which turned out to church service last Sunday ev'g was very thin. As Deacon says, "It takes a good eal of christian spirit to lissen to the gospel and fight mosquitos at the same time."

Ain't it about time for our school board to elect a teacher to teach our school during the coming term?

Fire! Fire!

Rufe Holloway run down street tother night about bedtime hollering fire as loud as he could holler. People poured out into the street and the members of the Bingville Fire Department rushed to the Town Hall to arm theirselves with water palls to fight the grim monster. Rufe was surrounded by a crowd of anxious citizens who desired to know where the fire was.

It appears that Rufe had been suffering neuralgia of the face and that his wife had made a mustard plaster for him and put it onto his face about 7 p. m. Rufe he laid down on the couch and dropped off to sleep and about a hour later, he thinks it was, he woke up suddent and felt as if his face was most burned offen him. Before he remembered that it was the mustard plaster he jumped up and rushed into the street and run down town hollering fire with the above result.

The promptness with which the members of the Bingville Fire Dep't responded to the alarm is a great credit to that organizashion.

Doc Called in a Hurry

Doc Livermore, our talented horse doctor & human specialist, was summoned at 2 o'clock last Sunday morning to attend Johnny the nine year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Israel Hatch who live four miles North on the Turnpike road. Johnny said he et 17 green apples in the evening before he went to bed and judging by the way he was doubled up nobody doubted his word. Doc worked with him until daylight giving him pint after pint of medicine. The boy is better at this writing. Between the apples and the medicine it's a wonder he didn't die.

Births

Born to Dan'l Simpson and wife an eight Lb. girl on May 26 and a 9 Lb. boy on same date. Both twins doing well. This increases the populashion of Bingville very materially not counting Bud Hinckley who ain't quite right in his head.

Also born to Cy Hoskins' thoroughbred Jersey cow a fine bull calf. Mother and son doing well. Cyrus says a $50. bill wouldn't buy that calf.

Lost

Upon getting up last Friday morning I discovered that I had lost seven chickens some time during the night. This is to say that hereafter I am going to keep my eye on my hen house every night, and if any theif comes around stealing my chickens again he will do so at his own peril being as I have loadened up my shotgun and I'm going to shoot to kill.

SAMUEL HICKS.

Bingville.

Take Notice Girls!

I expect to serve ice cream in my store next Saturday ev'g. if I find time to make it. I am very busy this week invoicing. I will sell this ice cream at the rate of 10 cts. per dish or 3 dishes for a quarter. If I don't serve ice cream next Sat. ev'g. I will serve it the Saturday ev'g following. Come and bring your best girls with you, boys!

HEN WEATHERSBY,
Prop Bingville's General Store.

Bingville.